

The New York Sun has had made the largest thermometer in existence, and erected it at its up-town office in public view. It is metallic with a dial forty inches in diameter.

The City of Louisville, Ky., has purchased a park of 300 acres within five miles of the City Hall for \$9800. The ground embraces the tall cliffs seen in a southwesterly direction from the race course.

N. K. Fairbank, the millionaire lard operator of Chicago, made \$500,000 in "Old Hutch's" great corner in wheat. Other speculators, among them ex-Gov. Young, of Milwaukee, made from \$100,000 to \$250,000.

The oldest incorporated business concern in the world is the Hudson Bay Company, which has had an existence of 225 years. The headquarters of the company are at Winnipeg Man., and the bulk of the stock is held in England.

George W. Childs, the Philadelphia editor, never sits in a street car while there is a woman standing. No matter what her station in life, the moment a woman gets in he gets up. This often embarrasses some of Mr. Childs' acquaintances, who are not in the habit of giving up their seats to ladies, as they usually follow his example, so that there is rarely a woman left standing in a car in which Mr. Childs rides.

Mr. Edison, it is stated, devised a doll with a small phonograph inside, which talks when the handle is turned. The phonograph is placed in a receptacle within the chest of the doll and the handle protrudes. When it is turned the word appears to issue from the doll's mouth. Edison has also devised a clock which announces the time by speaking, the talking apparatus being, of course, a phonograph.

Chester Heal, of Searsmont, the oldest inhabitant of Maine, died a few days ago at the age of 109 years. More than forty years ago Mr. Heal, who had up to that time been a hard working man, made up his mind that he would never do another day's work as long as he lived, and he stuck to his purpose. It is said that he had lungs so powerful that his voice, even when he was seventy or eighty, could easily be heard a mile.

There is a queer thing about civil service examination. The Virginia women average about 15 per cent higher than the women of any State in the Union. They are far in advance of the Massachusetts women. Commissioner Layman says he can partly account for it by the fact that the Virginia women who apply for government places belong to classes that in other states are sufficiently prosperous not to seek such employment; but this hardly meets the case as three-fourths of the women in the department to-day are in good social standing. Many of them are widows and daughters of officers.

Work on the great bridge which is to span the Mississippi river at Memphis, Tenn., has been commenced. The bridge proper is on the cantilever plan, and will consist of a channel span 770 feet in length. This is said to be the longest single span of the kind in the world, and its construction is a difficult piece of engineering. The bridge will also have two spans, each 620 feet in length. The bridge will be thirty-four feet in width, and while only one railroad track will be used at present, the strength of the bridge will be such that two tracks can be laid. The plans already contemplate a wagon road for vehicles. The bridge will be approached from the west over an iron trestle 5,200 feet in length and an embankment of 1,800 feet in length. It will be approached from the east over an iron trestle 1000 feet long and over an embankment. The bridge will be seventy-five feet above high-water mark. The estimated cost is \$2,000,000.

THE LAST CHARGE.

Sheridan's Own Story of the End of the War at Appomattox.

Beyond us, in a low valley (near Appomattox court house, after my flank movement), lay Lee and the remnant of his army. There did not appear to be much organization, except in the advanced troops under Gen. Gordon, whom we had been fighting, and a rear guard under Gen. Longstreet, still further up the valley. Formations were immediately begun to make a bold and sweeping charge down the grassy slope, when an aide-de-camp from Custer, filled with excitement, hat in hand, dashed up to me with the message from his chief: "Lee has surrendered! Do not charge; the white flag is up!" Orders were given to complete the formation but not to charge.

Looking to the left, to Appomattox courthouse, a large group was seen near by the lines of Confederate troops that had fallen back to that point. Gen. Custer had not come back, and supposing that he was with the group at the court house, I moved on a gallop down the narrow ridge, followed by my staff. The court house was perhaps three-fourths of a mile distant. We had not gone far before a heavy fire was opened on us from a skirt of timber to the right, and distant not much over 300 yards. I halted for a moment, and, taking off my hat, called out that the flag was being violated, but could not stop the firing, which now caused us all to take shelter in a ravine running parallel to the bridge we were on, and down which we then traveled.

As we approached the court house a gentle ascent had to be made. I was in advance, followed by a sergeant carrying my battle flag. Within 100 to 150 yards from the court house and Confederate lines, some of the men in their ranks brought down their guns to an aim on us, and great effort was made by their officers to keep them from firing. I halted, and bearing some noise behind, turned in the saddle, and saw a Confederate soldier attempting to take the battle flag from the color bearer. This the sergeant had no idea of submitting to and had drawn his saber to cut the man down. A word from me caused him to return his saber and take the flag back to the staff officers, who were some little distance behind. I remained stationary a moment after these events, then, calling a staff officer, directed him to go over to the group of Confederate officers and demand what such conduct meant. Kind apologies were made and we advanced. The superior officers met were Gen. J. B. Gordon and Gen. Cadmus M. Wilcox; the latter an old army officer.

As soon as the first greeting was over, a furious firing began in front of our own cavalry from whom we had only a few minutes before separated. Gen. Gordon seemed to be somewhat disconcerted by it. I remarked to him, "Gen. Gordon, your men fired on me as I was coming over here, and undoubtedly they have done the same to Merritt's and Custer's commands. We might just as well let them fight it out." To this proposition Gen. Gordon did not accede. I then asked, "Why not send a staff officer and have your people cease firing? They are violating the flag!" He said, "I have no staff officer to send." I replied, "I will let you have one of mine," and calling for Lieut. Vanderbilt Allen, I directed him to report to Gen. Gordon and carry his orders. The orders were to go to Gen. Geary, who was in command of a small brigade of South Carolina cavalry, and ask him to discontinue the firing. Lieut. Allen dashed off with the message, but, on delivering it to Gen. Geary, was taken prisoner, with the remark from that officer that he did not care for white flags, that South Carolinians never surrendered.

It was about this time that Merritt, getting impatient at the supposed treacherous firing, ordered a charge of a portion of his command. While Gens. Gordon and Wilcox were engaged in conversation with me a cloud of dust, a wild hurrah, a flashing of sabers, indicated a charge and the ejaculations of my staff officers were heard, "Look! Merritt has ordered a charge." The flight of Geary's brigade followed; Lieut. Allen was thus released. The last gun had been fired and the last charge made in the Virginia campaign.—North American Review.

"The Great Bell of Moscow."

Inside the Kremlin are three cathedrals: the Cathedral of the Annunciation, where all the czars are baptized; the Cathedral of the Assumption, where all are crowned, and the Cathedral of the Archangel Michael, where all the emperors were buried up to the time of Peter the Great. These are all, as are most of the churches in Moscow, built in the Moorish style of architecture and most elaborately decorated. Recently, in the Church of the Assumption, which was being renovated, several very ancient pictures were brought to light on the walls, and these have been carefully preserved. One of them represents several scenes from the life of Jonah, and is very unique in its way. On one side the prophet is being thrown overboard from an exceedingly rickety looking ship. Then a creature with big eyes and a big mouth and a tail (in all about Jonah's size) is doing his best to "take him in." But the crowning masterpiece of the whole picture is where Jonah—now safe on land—is bidding the whale good-by in the most elaborate and polite Russian manner.

Near by these churches is the tower of Ivan the Great, very lofty and containing some fifty-two bells, many of them of very large size. At the foot of the tower is the "Tear Kolokol," or the "King Bell," "the great bell of Moscow," of which we have heard all our lives. It is immense, there is no doubt of that! It is 20 feet high and 60 feet in circumference, and is about 2 feet thick in the thickest part, but somehow we are disappointed, and have an idea that we have been imposed upon because it isn't bigger, and we come away with a feeling of sadness at having one of our boyhood's most precious memories whittled down to such small dimensions.—Henry M. Wright in Detroit Free Press.

The Peach and Nectarine.

There is a widely prevalent impression—yet a false one—that the peach and the nectarine are two distinct fruits. They both have one and the same parent, Amygdalus Persica, and their identity is proven by the fact that, though the one has a smooth and the other a downy skin, both have been frequently produced, not only from the same tree but the self same branch, and more than this, a peach has been known to grow and mature with one of its sides smooth, like the nectarine, and the other covered with the ordinary fuzz or down. Between the peach and the nectarine the French make no other distinction than to call the latter the smooth and the former the downy peach.—Table Talk.

Disipation is apt to engender a dizzy pate. Like produces like.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

The Captain Repented.

Years ago, when the Salsbury Troubadours were struggling for popular recognition, they found themselves one day on a Mississippi river steamer in pecuniary distress. They wanted to reach a certain town a hundred miles away, but the sum of their cash was barely sufficient to pay their way to the first station, less than twenty miles distant from the starting point. Nats Salsbury, whose courage had never failed in spite of the company's long and unsuccessful fight with malignant fate, tried to "brace" the captain of the steamer to carry them to their next stand, but that official was gruff and obdurate, not to say flinty hearted.

"No, sir!" he thundered. "Ashore you go!" And the poor wandering minstrels suddenly found themselves on the wharf with bag and baggage, scrip and scrippage. The bell rang and just as the wheels began to turn the members of the company waived adieu to the steamer and struck up, loud and clear, the song:

We parted by the river, you and I.

It was too much for the captain, beneath whose frowning exterior was a heart of gold. He swung his boat up to the wharf again, took the whole party on board, treated them to the best he had and finally landed them at the point they most desired to reach.—Detroit Free Press.

He Knew Himself.

One of the patrol force arrested a citizen living away out Gratiot avenue the other day, and just as they were ready to leave the house he said:

"I ought to put the bracelets on, I suppose, but if you will promise not to give me any trouble I won't expose you as a prisoner." "I'll promise," replied the man. They had only started, however, when he added:

"Say! you'd better put 'em on." "But you promised."

"Yes, I know, but I am probably the biggest liar in Detroit, and you can't trust me. I'm already wondering if I could outrun you."

"Put 'em on," said the wife, who stood by with a smile. "Jim is a good fellow and a good husband, but he hasn't told the truth in twenty-five years."

"You see," continued Jim, as the handcuffs were snapped on, "I know myself and I don't want to take any unfair advantage. Now come on and I'll behave myself."

But he proved himself a liar by running off with the handcuffs.—Detroit Free Press.

He Couldn't Account for It.



Lushington (who started to climb the crossway gate just as it risen)—Great smoke! Hope I may b' drownd'd 'n ever see such a bloomin' high fence; and seems to me she's still a growin'.—Judge.

Filling an Order.

"I want," said a new customer the other day in one of our rough and ready, dish banging restaurants, where the waiter chucks your plate on the table before you with a "take that and be blowed" sort of air—"I want," said the customer, "a beefsteak, pretty well done, but not too well done; just browned a little on both sides, and plenty of butter gravy and a cup of coffee without milk, but you may bring some milk in a pitcher with it. Will you remember, waiter! But without deigning any reply the waiter stalked off and bawled into the kitchen: "A beefsteak, gilt edged, and a cup of coffee, milk outside!"—New York Star.

A Hard Case.

First Burglar—What became of your brother Bill?
Second Burglar—Bill didn't turn out very well. He's gone to the bad, jist robs folks right and left; poor folks, too, mind ya.

"Poor folks?"
"Yes, even poor folks. I've pried with Bill over an' over ag'in to go into honest burglarin' like us, and not rob any one but rich folks, but Bill he's got so hard he won't listen to the voice of humanity no more."

"By Jinks! What's his lay?"

"He's a Chicago grain operator."—Philadelphia Record.

He Should Have Begun Earlier.

He had passionately declared his love.

"You are too late, George; too late," murmured the girl.

"Too late!" he exclaimed with an agonizing cry. "Is it possible that you love another?"

"No, George; but it is nearly 12 o'clock, and I hear papa at the gate."—Life.

A Domestic Fairy Tale.

Wife—Toast all right, darling! Husband—Done to a turn, pet. Wife—How (hesitates)—how is the coffee? Husband—Perfection. Wife (tremblingly)—Not so good as your mother used to make! Husband (calmly)—My mother never knew how to make coffee at all, precious.

The Masher in England.

London Masher—My dear Miss Rustic, you have the most blooming cheeks I have ever seen; let me congratulate you.

Miss Rustic—Well, you have the most blooming cheek I have ever seen; but I can't congratulate you on the fact.—New York Tribune.

That's It.

"What is the writer's cramp?" asked a Pittsburg paper. You work for six months on a manuscript, send it off and have it rejected five or six times, figure on it to buy your winter's fuel, and you will find out all about cramps.—Detroit Free Press.

Had Heard of the Book.

Clerk at leading bookstore—What can I show you, sir?
Intellectual Looking Customer—I've heard a good deal about a new book called Robert L. Sinear. Got it?—Chicago Tribune.

No Exceptions to This.

Writing for the magazines is a business that always yields big returns.—Life.

Might Be Worse.

Taken as a hole, the bore of a fifteen inch gun is not so bad.—Washington Cr.

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